

The Student's Pen



March 1944

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The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXIX

MARCH, 1944

No. 5

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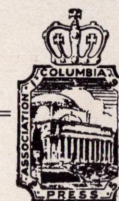


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HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, Left to Right: Brites, Coach Carmody, Scott, Senger, Flynn, Scelsi, Onofrio, Sperlungo;
Front Row: Vacchina, Gomes, Kelley, Totaro, Potter.



Do It Yourself

By Paul Perry

WHENEVER a job of some difficulty is being attempted, there is usually a group of spectators present who are curious to see what is going on. When a new building is being erected, a dam is being built, or a pipeline being laid, there is always a crowd around to watch.

In this crowd you can generally find at least one or more persons of the type commonly known as "sidewalk foremen." They are the ones who are critical of what is going on, who can always suggest a better way of doing it, who claim to know it all and don't hesitate to say so. These people are seldom, if ever, appreciated.

We can find their counterpart in the self-admitted experts on almost anything whom you can find in any school. They are the ones who attend a football or basketball game and keep up a running fire of disgusted criticism.

"He should have thrown that pass to the other side!"

"What's the matter with him? Letting his man score like that!"

"Why don't they get *players* on our team?"

And so forth, all afternoon or evening. This kind of behavior is not only useless to the team; it is annoying to the fans and very discouraging. It produces no more useful effect than the armchair strategists who can tell you how the war should be run, what's

wrong with the government, why we lose men, et cetera.

All of these foregoing examples can be applied directly to our daily lives. We can often find situations in which a person does something wrong, and we are sometimes quick to condemn such a person without thinking of both sides of the question. We fail to say, "What would I have done in his place? Could I have done even as well?" And still further, "What am I going to do about it?"

I have heard comments from several students to the effect that the material in *THE PEN* could be better. That is very true. However, those students did not have any suggestions for improving the material. They did not offer to write for it themselves.

That is just an example of many instances in which we are apt to speak before we think. It is the easiest thing in the world to criticize. It is very hard to give criticism that is beneficial. Remember the old adage which advises that if you cannot speak well of a person, you should say nothing. The next time you are tempted to blame someone harshly for a mistake, ask yourself if you honestly could have done better, and if your criticism is constructive instead of destructive. This simple method will save much embarrassment and a great deal of hard feeling.



MR. HENRY J. MURRAY

1874—1944

Instructor in United States History
at Pittsfield High School
February 1, 1925—December 17, 1943

A Word in Memory

THE entire student body and faculty of Pittsfield High School were saddened recently by the death of Mr. Henry J. Murray, one of our loved teachers. A member of the faculty for nineteen years, Mr. Murray will be greatly missed.

Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1874, Mr. Murray was graduated with honors from Holy Cross College in 1896. While in college he won medals for distinctive achievement in chemistry and poetry. In 1925 he came to Pittsfield High School as an instructor in United States History and continued in this position until his illness last December.

To his pupils, Mr. Murray was not only an inspiring teacher, but a kind, understanding friend. When one met him in the corridor, a hearty "Hello" was invariably his greeting, and he was always ready to offer assistance or give helpful advice. To his colleagues on the faculty, he was a staunch and loyal comrade, one who never failed to speak the needed word of cheer or encouragement, or to lend his strength and enthusiasm in a worth-while cause. Everyone at Pittsfield High School, teachers and pupils alike, will long remember Mr. Murray and will think of his passing with sincere regret.

The Matador

A Short Story of Spain

By Allan Simon

I
"EVER been to Spain?" Cummings, the author, asked me, as he leaned back in his chair, and blew a large cloud of cigar smoke into the air.

"No," I answered, "have you?"

"Yes" he replied, "as a student, when I was around twenty years of age. It's a beautiful country, awfully colorful, romantic, you know the sort of thing—You don't? well, for example take Madrid, I remember distinctly my first impression."

And then, as he was wont to do, he rambled off to this anecdote and that, telling of the strangeness, beauty, and exotic nature of Spain, its cities, and villages. "Let me tell you about an amusing incident which happened to me in Seville," he said finally. It was a very interesting story, one of the most interesting he had ever told, and when I came home I decided to write it in story form.

II

Cummings looked out of his hotel window into the small side street behind his hotel. He had arrived that evening in Seville, and had been driven, extremely tired and irritable, to his hotel. Yet, the warm Spanish evening, and the star-dotted, summer sky beckoned him for a walk, and, responding, he put on his hat and left. Just as he was closing the door he heard two shots resounding from what he was sure was the street below. When he arrived downstairs he asked the doorman of the hotel, "Did I hear two shots just now, or was that a car backfiring?"

"Well, senor," said the doorman a huge, strong man, yet overcome suddenly with a certain nervousness, "Two thugs, thinking that Miguel X was across the street from

them, took two shots at an innocent man and fled. Thank the Lord, no one was hurt."

"And who, may I ask, is Miguel X?"

"Ah, Senor, he is the most hated man in Seville, a sort of big criminal on whom no one has been able to charge anything."

"I see" said Cummings, and, bidding the doorman goodnight he set off on his walk. Being a stranger, he kept as close to the vicinity of the hotel as possible, and, before he knew it, he found himself in the deserted street toward which his window faced. As he strolled leisurely up this street, he became conscious of an extraordinarily fine voice, accompanied by a guitar, singing a traditional Spanish song. Suddenly it seemed to be almost next to him, and he turned, and saw a cafe built into the first floor of one of the houses. He decided to enter, out of curiosity.

Once inside, he was greeted by an effusion of strange sights and sounds. Crowded round the tables in the smoke-filled room, were Spaniards of all ages. In one corner sat a careworn, old man, with a torn cloak and a large battered hat, while over on the other side was a richly dressed young man with dark eyes. In the middle of the room, whose walls were covered with bullfight posters, a young woman was dancing on one of the tables, accompanying herself with castanets, and being accompanied by the guitarist whose deep and melodic voice had rung through the streets. Cummings looked at him, and at once the writer in him said, "That's an interesting fellow. Talk to him. Who knows, you might be able to write volumes on him."

When the dance was finished, Cummings invited the guitarist to his table for a glass of wine. While ordering the port, Cummings was again amazed at the absolute embodiment

Henry W. Murray

The story of Henry W. Murray, teacher of U. S. history at Pittsfield High School these past 20 years, was best told two months ago at the students' annual Christmas assembly. At the conclusion of his Christmas message, Principal Roy M. Strout announced that Mr. Murray, who had been stricken just two days before and had been taken to the hospital, was feeling much better and expected to be home the next day. This disclosure brought a spontaneous ovation.

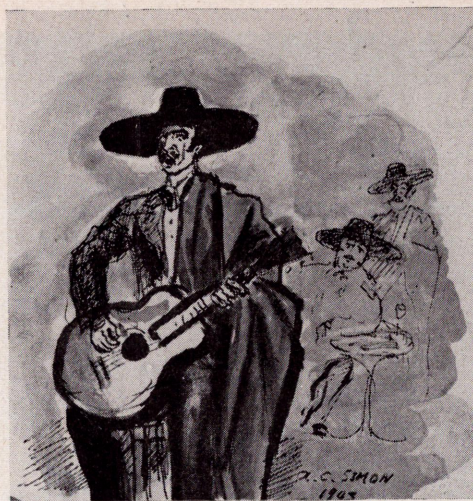
"It just about made their Christmas complete," the principal afterward observed. Mr. Murray did go home but he never returned to school.

Although he came out of Holy Cross College in his native Worcester 48 years ago with special citations in poetry and chemistry, Mr. Murray's attention for the past three decades has been focused on the history of the United States. A keen student of current events, he integrated for the benefit of his pupils certain aspects of the present war into the Spanish-American and first World War.

Mr. Murray, a jolly man, always carried a trace of a smile—even when he was handing out sharp criticisms in the classroom on shortcomings in scholarship.

Principal Strout always has been impressed by Mr. Murray's loyalty to his associates and to his job. There will be a distinct vacancy for some time to come up on the second floor of the high school's southwest wing.

The Wendell Graphic



of everything that was fanciful and romantic about Spain, in this man. He wore a large black hat, a red cape, and black trousers. A dark moustache grew above his lip, and his eyes were black and somber; finally, a scar ran down one side of his face.

III

"My name is Cummings. I am an author, and intend to write a book about Spain. You looked to me to be an interesting sort of a person. Tell me more about yourself, your ambitions, and your work."

"I am Pedros Jose Vadriquez, Senor, by profession an entertainer in this cabaret. But let me assure the senor, I was not always one. Once, I was the highest kind of bullfighter, a Matador." He smiled with pride. "When I became a Matador, Senor, I reached the goal of my life. Ever since I was a small child I had dreams of becoming a bullfighter. I used to sneak into the bullfights, and watch the matadors with their gay and glittering costumes, a different one for every Saint's day. And then, Senor, and then, when they had made the kill! the praises and the honors they received!

"Anyway, I worked hard, and trained, and sweated, so eventually, I became a matador. Then, I tasted the sweet fruits of success and

fame; no more did I envy them as I had done as a child. They showered flowers on me, they paid me gigantic sums, I was invited everywhere! Ah, that was the life!"

"And what happened then?"

Vadriquez looked into his glass of wine and murmured, "Do you see the scar on my face, Senor? I am lucky. I have seen other Matadors lose legs, arms, or maybe, their life. It is not a pretty thing to be gored by a bull." The ex-bullfighter looked Cummings straight into his face. "No matter," he said "it's all the same, I quit the arena, it was too dangerous, much too dangerous. Now I have a tranquil, safe job. I earn enough, and I am contented. Buenos noches, Senor."

IV

Vadriquez had left, and Cummings was busy making notes on the conversation. He stopped for a minute, and went over to the bar for a packet of cigarettes.

"That Vadriquez," he said, smiling at the bartender, "has certainly a nice, peaceful job here."

"What do you mean?" asked the bartender.

"You know, playing the guitar."

"He does that only for his own amusement. As for his job, I would not have it for all the world! He left the bull ring to work at the most dangerous job in all Seville. He is the bodyguard to Miguel X, the most hated man in Seville. Why do you know," said the bartender, becoming confidential, "that ten attempts have been made on Vadriquez's life already!"

FOUR THINGS

Author Unknown

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellowmen sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely.

"The Time Has Come"

By Gloria Goldsmith

(This report is to be overlooked by skeptics; those who do not believe that which they do not see will find nothing in the following paragraphs.)

A FEW days ago while I was out enjoying the first signs of spring, I discovered a newly-trod path that I knew had not existed before. I happened to know this because I am pretty familiar with this particular forest, since it has been my favorite haunt for a good many springs. Anyway, I decided it would be a mild sort of adventure to explore a new path. The path wound in and out and around the trees and old rocks that make a forest so enchanting to nature lovers—the ground was soft and even spongy in places; the rays of the sun shown through the new quivering buds on the trees. It was a dense part of the woods, and I had a difficult time finding my way. I hummed a bit nervously, although I was rather confident of my knowledge of the forest. Suddenly, a rather irritated voice called out sharply, "Will you please stop that humming? You are quite distracting enough as it is, the way you come lumbering through our woods."

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I had no idea that it was your wood. I have been coming here for a long time, although I have never stumbled upon this section before."

"'Stumbled' is just the right word. Alice! Alice! Come here," cried the voice, and then I saw where the voice came from. Upon my word, it was a mouse. And it was calling to someone named Alice, who came hurrying forward. She was a pretty girl with long hair, and she looked exceedingly familiar.

"How do you do, sir?" she asked. "I'm sorry if he has been rude." Then turning to him, she said in a loud whisper, "Now go, before I put the cat after you." Turning to me she said, "Won't you come with me? I am sure you will find it all very interesting. You see, we are having a convention."

"Oh, I see," said I rather blankly, I'm afraid. "And what is your name, little girl?"

"Alice," she answered quietly. Then I realized who she was.

"Not the Alice of Wonderland?" I asked. She nodded "yes" to my question, and motioned that I follow her. Not wishing to offend the child, I did not question the validity of her statement. "Then is that the mouse with the long and sad tale? The mouse whom you frightened in the story?"

"Well, I didn't really frighten him," she said. "It was only because I mentioned my cat, Dinah. Hurry a little, won't you? We don't want to miss any of the afternoon's speeches."

"No, of course not," I replied.

Soon we came to a clearing, and in the clearing was the greatest assortment of talent I have ever seen. There were characters here from every wonderful tale we have ever read.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Alice, "we are not characters. We are people."

We proceeded to the center of the group. Alice motioned for them to stop talking. "Friends, I have brought with me a gentleman from out there. He has consented to listen to our speeches, and he has also promised to speak." There were cries of "Hooray", and I blushed modestly. Then I asked a young man nearby what the convention was for.

"It is a very important meeting of all the people of the type of fiction that we represent. And if you look around, you will see a great many famous people. My name is Prince Charming, and I have been chosen Master of Ceremonies for this convention."

"Do you have many conventions? One never hears of them," I said.

"You never hear of them because the press thinks that we are very unimportant. We represent the fiction that children read while they are growing up."

"Oh, but I think that you are very important," I remarked.

"You are a very intelligent person," offered someone whom I recognized to be Tweedledum,—or was it Tweedledee?

"Our last convention," continued Prince Charming, "was a few years ago when Walt Disney started putting some of us in the movies. This is much more important, of course."

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things."

"Yes, yes," agreed a multitude of voices.

Then Alice spoke to me, "You see, a great number of us are now in the service. And, of course, we want to do all we can to help. We realize that Hitler would burn the books we came from."

"I see," I said, "And how many of you are in the service?"

"All of us that were well suited physically and mentally," said someone behind me. "I was disqualified as under age. You see I would never grow up and nobody could find my parents so they can't sign my papers. So I'm entertaining the soldiers at home."

"That's Peter Pan," Alice whispered. Then she went on: "The Tin Soldier is in Italy. Jack the Giant Killer is in the Pacific, in the Marines, of course. Sinbad is in the Navy. Bluebeard, because of his natural talents in the art of mass murder, was given a chance to redeem himself and is now on one of the fiercest fighting fronts. Most of our princes and kings are in the service,—except Prince Charming, he's 2-A. Poor Pinochio, because he wouldn't ever go to school, can't get any farther than a buck private in the Infantry. Robin Hood is in the R.A.F. Tom Thumb is working in a defense plant, because he was physically disqualified for the Army. Sleeping Beauty decided to rouse herself, so

she joined the Cadet Nurse Corps, and the Goose Girl is in the WAC. The rest of us are either too young or indisposed due to fiction. Poor Hansel and Gretel couldn't get out of the War Zone. There are a lot of us who are still in Europe. We who are here can thank some of the modern works of fiction for our safety—such as Buck Rogers and the Minute-man. We have had some trouble with passports, too. You remember the Emperor with the new clothes? Well, we had some time proving that he was no relation to the Emperor of Japan. But you can see that we are trying to do as much as possible."

"You are doing a grand job," I assured them. "I'm sure that the world has no knowledge of your sacrifice. But what will happen to literature if any of you are killed?"

"We can't be sure whether we can be killed or not. As yet, we have been lucky. But the enemy is no respecter of individuals," asserted one whom I recognized as King Midas. He was the Secretary to the Treasury, also.

"You see, friend," said the Prince, "we have to take the chance. If any of us is killed, and the future generations lose our gift to civilization, it might serve to teach the peoples of the world that war is a great evil,—one that must be abolished. Mankind does not like to rob his children intentionally, and this might make him realize what his greed has done to the world."

"You are doing a noble thing."

"No, we are doing what we can to make this a better world," said a lovely woman standing beside the Prince. "We can all learn to work for the good of all. We can learn to forgive." I realized that the woman was Cinderella.

The sun was very low and I had a feeling that my time with this group was nearly up. A feeling of much sadness came over me. I had always known them, and it seemed unlikely that any of them could ever die. But the time has come for a lot of us to grow up.

"Don't feel sorry, sir," said Alice, kindly. "There are other books to read."

I smiled, and looked around at the group. They caught my glance and scuffed their feet shyly on the ground, and cleared their throats. "It is time that I left. I am going to tell people what I have learned this afternoon."

"That is very kind of you. But don't be disappointed if they don't believe you."

Alice stepped forward, "I'll show you the way back to your path." She led me out silently after I exchanged goodbyes with the group. When we reached the path, Alice smiled, "Goodbye, Sir."

"Goodbye and good luck, Alice," I said. I tried to follow her figure with my eyes along the path, but she was quickly enveloped in the darkness. I sighed and walked swiftly out of the woods into the everyday world.

SPRING---FEVERISH ME

By Gertrude Giese

I say in a flurry that birds hibernate;
In math I assert that tangents rotate.
Come Spring, I imagine "I are" is correct;
In Latin,—oh, well, the words never connect.

Now, why should I fret about the seed of a peach,
Bisecting angles, and polishing speech?
"Natura" invites me; the "aves" are singing;
Oh, to skip out where their birdlings are winging!

Then, farewell, Pasteur, with your bug and bacterium
Pythagoras, too, with just one more dull "theorem";
Mr. Shakespeare, you, too, plus your works that appal
And Caesar, dear chap,—goodbye, to you all!

MY BROTHER

By Robert M. Boland

(A Tribute to Lieutenant Paul H. Boland,
U.S.M.A.C., Lost in Flight
February 10, 1944)

A life so full of treasured pasts,
The joy of childhood's play that lasts,
Of laughter, or a high-flung kite,
A baseball game, a summer night,
Adventure in a world of books,
Where heroes live and we but look—
You knew all these,
My brother.

A vast expanse of freedom's sky,
Where men are born, where men must die,
Where gliding gulls on sea-dipped wing,
Caprice to songs you flyers sing;
Where silence reigned, then moments after,
You soared the winds on winged laughter—
And loved your life,
My brother.

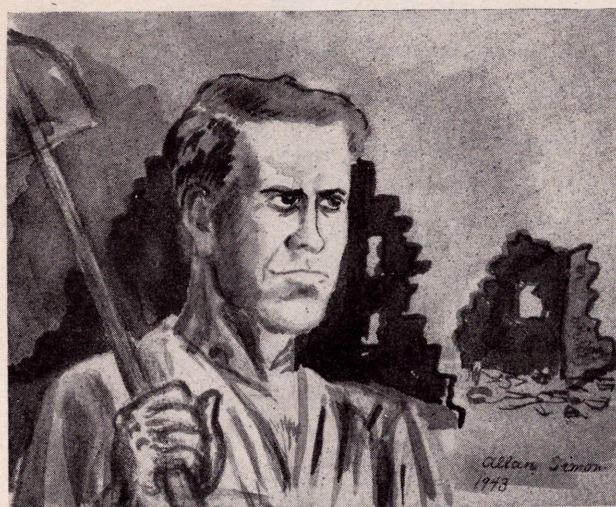
If nought we think of yesteryear,
Then uncontrolled may fall a tear,
A tear for what you might have been.
Yet 'tis not so, thank God the more
For all in life you had before.
We grieve and miss you, yet we say,
You are not dead but just away.
Farewell . . . good luck,
My brother.

CALL OF SPRING

By Betsy Ann Gray

The soft earth springs beneath my feet
And once again the world is sweet.
My heartbeat quickens at the sight
Of Robin Red-breast in his flight.

A life inanimate awakes
Free from the burden it forsakes;
As if enchanted, everything
Awaits the coming of the Spring.



THE GREAT STORM

By Ann Wierum

Slowly the world recovered from the storm
of war

And ravished homes were rising once again.
The people thought the storm would come no
more

That the horror had been but once alone.
Never again.

But deep in Europe's shattered war-torn
lands,
The black clouds had not wholly passed
away;
And rumblings of a new and greater storm
Were heard coming from foreign shores
With onimous sound.

It broke over Austria, Czechoslovakia,
With dark calms in between.
The rising sea swept to the doors of Russia
In a swirling, angry, irresistible tide,
Destroying all.

The wind changed with a scream, and swept
over Holland;
A bolt of lightning struck Rotterdam.
It drove the sea over France, to the coast of
England;
And battered and crashed at these shores of
Britain,
And a thunderbolt struck London. . . .

The threatening storm at the doors of Russia
Broke, and drove over Russian soil.
Kharkov, Sevastopol crumbled before it,
Moscow, too, seemed doomed,
But she stood fast.

Then, out of the unsuspecting waters of
another sea
A treacherous, slant-eyed octopus arose,
Snatching island after island, so great was its
greed;
Wake Island, Bataan, Singapore it enclosed,
In sneak attacks.

But now an assailing wind we see;
It has snatched the Marshalls from the mouth
of the octopus.
It has forced back the tide in Italy.
In Russia it has shattered the black storm
clouds,
In its rising might.

The wind will scatter the storm clouds we
know,
And destroy the octopus so it will rise no
more.
But will the new sun rise on a sky of blue
That will last? For this we all must strive
Constantly.



American Story

By Leonard Gordon

TO our nation have come many immigrants
from all over the world, to seek a better
living and secure a richer heritage. Of these
hordes all came voluntarily except one—the
Negro race, brought here under bondage for
the purpose of slavery. This racial degrada-
tion persisted for many years till the question
of its continuance started a Civil War, which
was supposedly the end of this barbaric prac-
tice. But with the completion of the war
arose a new problem to further complicate
the future peace of the newly-freed race: the
problem of segregation, which even to this
day has recurred in varied forms, especially
in the still rather skeptic South.

In the already politically battle-scarred
state of Missouri, George Washington Car-
ver was born just before the commencement
of the Civil War. While George was still a
baby, his father, a slave, was killed in an
accident. This tragedy was soon followed
by a kidnapping and disappearance of his
mother. Thus he was left an orphan. Weak
in health, he was brought up by various
families who could support him. As this
orphaned Negro boy grew up, his mind could
have very readily been molded into an atti-
tude of hatred and scorn against his nation;
a nation that had left him motherless; a
nation that had treated his fellow men as cogs
in a wheel of serfdom. But George was not
one to hold a grudge, and hoped that some
day he might help his race to rise in industry
and culture, a hope that he carried with him
to the very day he died.

About the only freedom he enjoyed was
participation in Nature's gifts. He loved the
flowers, birds, and all the simple, pleasant
things in life. From continual observance he
was able to identify practically all plants
presented him and prescribe cures for their
diseases. His reputation became widespread

and soon he was invited to join the faculty
of Tuskegee Institute, renowned Negro col-
lege in Alabama. Carver accepted and soon
arrived to teach the subjects of Botany and
Soil Economics.

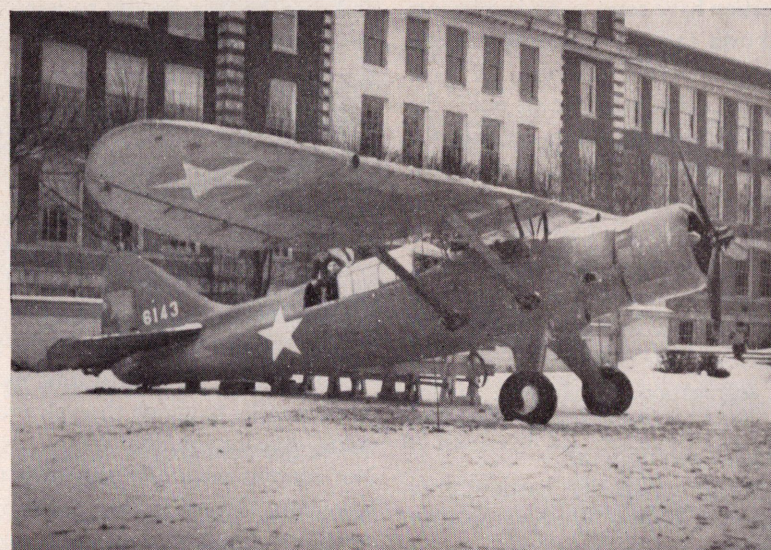
Setting up a crude laboratory, he began the
fulfillment of a life-long wish—the wish to
delve into the dark realms of research. In
time the results obtained from this experi-
menting brought tremendous fruits to the
quiet scientist. He proved to the South the
economic value of substituting peanuts for
crops in order to enrich the soil, and stem the
rising menace of the cotton boll-weevil.
Not content with just providing the neces-
sary crop, Carver further toiled and devel-
oped one hundred and seven by-products
from the peanut, thereby giving Southern
industry a chance to profit with this new
undertaking. Amazing as it may seem, one of
his biggest developments was the converting
of chemically treated peanut-oil into a medi-
cinal aid for curing the twisted victims of the
dreaded infantile paralysis.

Through all his acclaim from the world,
tokens of appreciation, and respect from
ranking white leaders, Carver always re-
mained untouched in character and simple in
habits. In innumerable ways he aided the
members of his race with improved methods
of agriculture, better living, and increased
social respect.

Rackham Holt, American author, has com-
pleted a biography of George Washington
Carver, in which is graphically portrayed the
complete life of this great American Negro
whose works will live forever. Our school
library collection has truly been enriched
with the addition of this worthy portrait
of a great leader, "George Washington
Carver" by Rackham Holt.

Retired Veteran

By William Troy



UNLIKE the old cavalry horses who were turned out to the pasture to spend their last days in peace and contentment, the steeds of this war, namely the airplanes, are put to use even when their days of cloud chasing are over.

P. H. S. is now the proud possessor of such a veteran—a plane with as vivid and live a history as any favored horse of the old cavalry. Instead of a life of comfort and blissful tranquillity, however, this old ship will still have a job to do. It will be taken apart, examined, studied, and put together again by enthusiastic young would-be airmen and mechanics—boys who tomorrow will be Uncle Sam's flyers and ground crews.

Where did this plane come from? What did it do? How did it come to be here? Let's take a look back over the years and see what its history is.

We'll start right in the beginning. The plane is an O-46-A, an Observation Douglas reconnaissance. It was made by Douglas Aircraft in 1935, then purchased by the Army, and assigned to the South Pacific,

where it was used extensively for reconnaissance and observation. At the time, it was equipped with three cameras, one in each wing and one mounted on the rear cockpit. Its stamping grounds in those days were the Philippines and other South Pacific Islands, with its home base at Manilla.

Shortly before the war, it was called back to the United States and was used for patrol duty over the West Coast. When the war broke out, two machine guns were installed, one in the rear cockpit, and one in the wing; and thus equipped, it kept vigilant watch over the long Pacific coastline. From the West Coast the plane has been sent all over the country. It has been at such fields as Mitchell, Langley, and Keesler, and was assigned for a time to a "Tow Target" Squadron in Florida. It was in this capacity that it finally came to Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut, where it performed its last active duty towing targets.

After seven years of active duty, it was grounded by the Army. With the rapid advancement in airplane design and produc-

tion, the ship had become outmoded, and its modest 195 miles per hour had become a crawl compared to the lightning speed of planes that have been developed since the war began.

At the very time that the O-46-A was towing targets over the New England Coast, our Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Edward J. Russell, was putting in motion the red tape that would one day bring the ship to our school. On August 24, 1943, he made application through the C.A.A. at Washington, D. C., for an airplane and spare parts. The C.A.A. approved the request and transferred it to Army Air Force Headquarters Service Command at Langley Field, Paterson, Ohio. On September 27, Mr. Russell received an observation plane from Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut, and, by special permission of the Highway Departments of Connecticut and Massachusetts, the plane was transported to Pittsfield.

Pittsfield High boys are indeed fortunate in having such an aid to pre-induction training. There are only three other cities in the state, Boston, Springfield, and Leominster, where government planes are used in the classroom. To young people, things seem much clearer when they can actually see and feel the object of study in addition to reading about it in textbooks. At any rate, our old veteran will make aeronautics classes much more interesting and far more realistic.

CALL FOR WASTE PAPER

By Mildred Nigrelli

We students of P. H. S. are mighty proud of the record sale of stamps and bonds bought during the Fourth War Loan Drive. But are we so pleased with the results of the Waste Paper Drive?

Waste paper is playing an important part in this war. It is essential to wartime industries, and, in addition, millions of pounds are used for cartridge and shell wrappings, for practice bombs, parachute flares, shell protectors, and for wing tips of airplanes. Blood plasma, which has proven vital in saving lives on the battle field,

is packed in cartons made out of the same scrap paper that is at this moment lying in our waste baskets, in our school desks, and in our cellars.

Uncle Sam needs this paper. Let's help him get it. Salvage every scrap of this valuable war material and bring it to school every Tuesday. Let us all make a special effort to save paper, not just today or this week, but for the duration.

BLINDNESS

By David Coleman

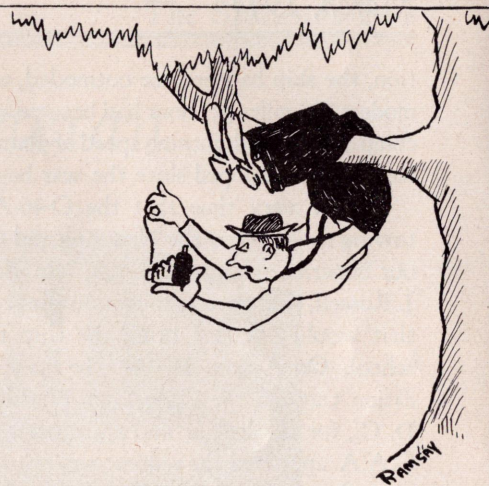
He is blind; the darkness, known to those
Whose eyes have failed, surrounds him;
And seemingly, he has no care
Or need for earthly things.
His head is bent; the weight of years
Has left its mark upon him;
A cloud of loneliness about
His tired person clings.

And yet—and yet, he does not seem
To sorrow in his blindness;
For quietly at evening
When the sun is all aglow,
He wanders by the riverside
And speaks to God in secret
And he thanks Him for the blessings
That his eyes will never know.

He is blind; he cannot see
The lake in early morning,
Or the glistening of the moon
Upon the hillside, white with snow;
But his soul can see more clearly
Than the man with keenest vision
That the way of God the Father
Is the way that he should go.

Yet I have eyes with health secure
That look on guilt and sinning;
The evil that I see is great
But has not injured me—
So I am quite content to let
My eyes obstruct my vision—
O Lord, that man has lost his eyes,
But can I say, "I see"?

WHO'S WHO



LOIS SHIPTON

FUTURE AUTHOR

Girls, you have heard that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and confidentially the way to make Paul Feldman, the Humor Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN and originator of Drooperman, completely happy is to give him a large piece of lemon meringue pie. (Please note: no pickled pigs' feet). As for music, Paul says "Both modern and classical are swell by me." Redheads, blondes, and brunettes seem to rate about equally with Paul. He likes to read and he likes to write. When asked what he planned to do for a career he replied, "I intend to do a lot with writing some day, the sooner the better!"



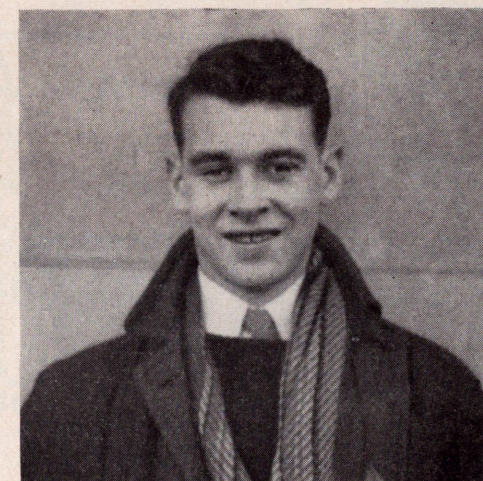
PAUL FELDMAN

"OASIS" HEAD

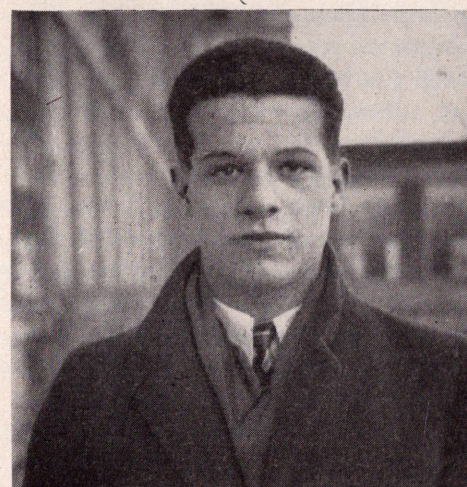
No wonder "The Oasis" has made such a hit! With "Pody" Shipton at its head it couldn't miss! "Pody" is also vice-president of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y and is a swimming teacher at the Y. To be a nurse is her ambition, and she certainly is qualified for she is quick, intelligent, and attentive. She doesn't have to be told a thing twice (usually). Unlike most girls, "Pody" is not griping because she isn't a blonde. The boys don't seem to mind; she does all right!

THE LOVER

That gray blotch you see adjacent these words is Dave Coleman, roast turkey, painting, good, classical music, and blonde (singular!)—lover, extraordinary. He likes history too! Dave has accomplished quite a bit in the fields he likes. His performance as Guiseppe in "The Gondoliers" was excellent, his paintings (which will be in the high school exhibit at the Museum) show considerable talent, and the turkey and blonde are his own business. After graduating this June, Dave will join the Navy, and when the war is over, he'll enter the commercial art field. He has the talent for success; let's wish him the luck.



DAVID COLEMAN



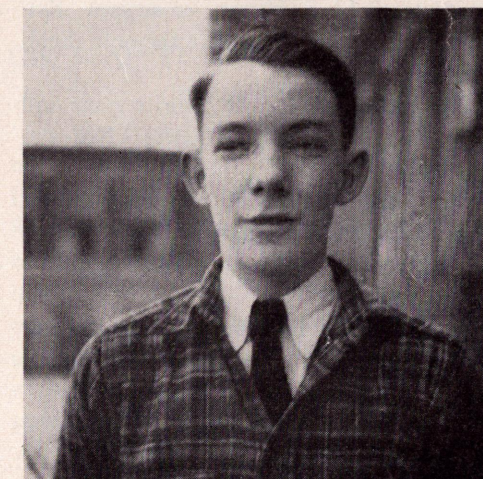
ANTHONY MELIDEO

GRID STAR

Look what we have here, the one and only Tony Melideo, star of the gridiron and the basketball court. Tony has no great love for Frank Sinatra, but he does enjoy his music. In the line of food, he'll settle happily for mashed potatoes, custard pie, and home made wine. Girls seem to be of little importance to this big senior and he claims he has no favorite type. His main pastimes are pool and carroms. Tony plans to join the Navy, but when the war is over, he hopes to continue in the field of athletics.

SKI CHAMPION

Whom have we here? None other than the Berkshire Junior Ski Champion, Renton Carsley (better known as Ray to his friends). Ray loves all sports, with skiing ranking first. But strange as it may seem, he dislikes girls. Maybe the P. H. S. girls could do something about that. A member of Torch Hi-Yi, and the Mt. Greylock Ski Club, he also keeps up the alto part of the saxophone section in our band. Whenever you want to see him, he can be found at a drug store, keeping a strawberry frost company.



RENTON CARSLEY

Let's Get Acquainted With the Faculty

By Jean C. May



What room is the hangout of the servicemen? It's Miss Kaliher's, 206.

She is one of the busiest of the P. H. S. faculty. Not only is she the Junior Class Adviser, but also she has a stamp station and is in charge of part of the cafeteria, third lunch. But she admits her greatest task is trying to teach U. S. History to seniors. Evidently the sophomores aren't the only dumb ones!

Bridge and golf are her favorite game and sport, though she says, (quote) "Not too good at either!"

Miss Kaliher has many times been chosen the "most popular teacher" and her subject (U. S. History) the "most popular subject". That's a record!

At most any of the home basketball games, her cheer "Come on Pittsfield!" is an inspiration to players and spectators, alike.

Give a hand to a fine teacher and a grand friend.

They Also Serve

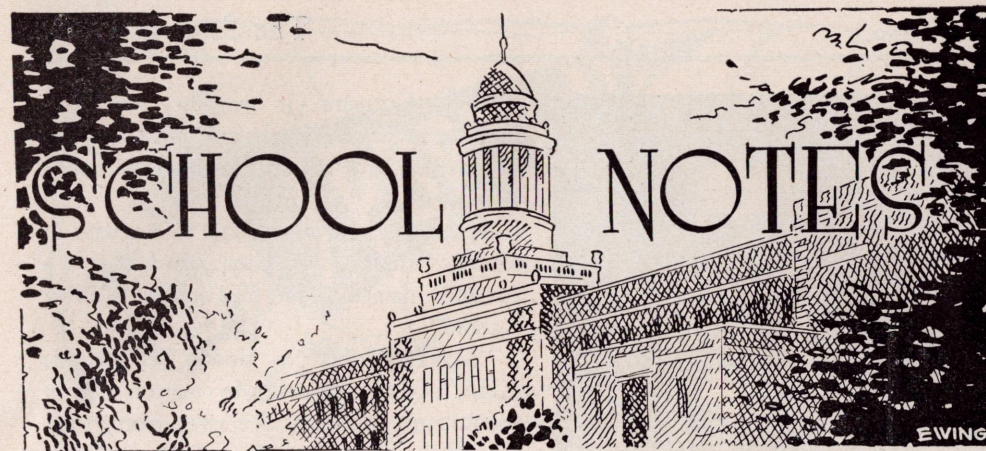
By Paul Feldman

UNDOUBTEDLY the hardest working pupil connected with THE STUDENT'S PEN (next to Paul Perry, of course, he says) is Helen Ravage, advertising manager. Never heard of the position, huh? Well, I'll explain what she does. See all those pretty little boxes on the back pages of this magazine—the ones with word in 'em just beyond the Humor Column—those, dear friends, are advertisements and they help defray the cost of publishing this magazine. They are secured by a staff of persistent pupils who visit merchants until they throw up their hands in despair, shouting, "Okay, okay! I'll buy one—okay two—three, yes, yes—I'll buy the whole school! Just leave me alone! Goodbye, goodbye! . . . phew, those kids could sell the New Deal to Alberti!"

Mr. Hennessy is business adviser and does a great job. Until I found out he held this post, I never thought that he would be adept at skinning anything but worms and frogs, but he is! You ought to see the money that man rakes in! THE PEN would hardly be possible without the money Mr. Hennessy secures for us. (Please do not use physical means in gaining revenge on him.)

Seriously though, the advertising staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN deserves a lot of credit. Their names do not appear anywhere in the magazine except in small print in the front (and no one bothers to read that), their work is not given printed credit, and it is often criticized. Many pupils think that the "ads" are just a waste of space. Believe me, they're not! Read them—every one of them, they're not poison or homework, you know—and patronize those stores who advertise in our publication.

Thanks again to Mr. Hennessy for his fine work and hats (or earmuffs, as the case may be) off to Helen Ravage, business manager, and all her hardworking staff!



ANOTHER FOR UNCLE SAM

The many long faces and saddened hearts around P. H. S., are all due to Miss Nagle's sudden migration to Washington, D. C. The popular Latin teacher is now working for Uncle Sam. Although the major part of her duties is under "Restricted Information", we know that she is, at present, in the library. Miss Nagle is living at the former Gunston School for Girls with her sister, who is also doing war work for the War Labor Board. Yes, we feel Miss Nagle is the perfect lady to be working with Uncle Sam, but we sincerely hope we'll be fortunate enough to have her back very soon with us in Room 107.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

President, Donald Morey; Vice President, Joshua Alperin; Recording Secretary, Robertine Watson; Corresponding Secretary, Muriel Bookless; Librarian, Anne Sweeney; Librarian's Assistants, Muriel Hardy and Mini Russo; Chairman of the Program Committee, Phyllis Adelson; Chairman of the Recording Committee, Miriam Kallman.

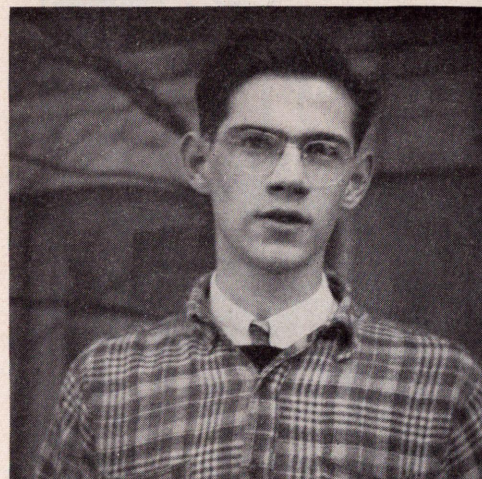
The Motion Picture Club is a group of enthusiastic young movie goers who like to meet with their friends and discuss the pictures they have seen. The purpose of the club is to foster recognition of the good and poor qualities in moving pictures. The club obtains from the theater managers the names

of the movies that are coming, and the members try to see one of the two pictures selected by the club every month. At the next meeting an informal discussion of the pictures takes place. One of the most interesting features of the organization is the selecting of what they consider the outstanding moving picture of the year, the next ten best pictures and the outstanding actor and actress. Then they see how nearly their selections tally with the selections for the Academy Awards. This year's selections by the club are: Best picture: "So Proudly We Hail." Best actor: 1st choice, Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca"; 2nd choice, Walter Pidgeon in "Madame Curie." Best actress: 1st choice, Greer Garson in "Madame Curie"; 2nd choice, Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly we Hail"

OH, LEAP YEAR, OH, LEAP YEAR!

By Allan Petell

A fine crowd was assembled on Friday night, March 3rd, at the "Y" for the Sadie Hawkin's Dance. It seemed good to see the feminine sex dishing out instead of us for a change. The usual faces were present, plus quite a few in the sophomore field, who put on a jam session of their own which put the upper classmen to shame. Oh well, we're not as peppy as we used to be. Any how—more power to 'em.



THE GREAT ORATOR

Step right up, students, and meet Rolland Jones, a member of our senior class. This little (!) fellow is possessed of a silver tongue and a clever intellect, which he used to win the National Oratorical Contest eliminations here at P. H. S. and went on to triumph in the district contest for all of Berkshire County. His next step will be to compete in the regional contest at Springfield. If he is successful in that, he will meet orators from all parts of the country for the death struggle. Here's wishing him the best of luck!

HERE AND THERE

Miss Conlon's idea of heaven is where all the chairs are fastened to the floor.

Congratulations to "Pody" Shipton, "Mickey" Miller, Jim Tabor, Larry Bowerman, and Mike Spring, who went to Boston as Y representatives.

Ginny Roth and Vera Linke can sure "swing it" on the dance floor, but the boys don't let them keep it up for long before they cut in. The girls don't mind!

There have been rumors that Irene Pompei has seen "Higher and Higher," starring the one and only Frank Sinatra, about six times. Irene even brought her lunch with her!

Wynn Gutmann, Jr. was very much embarrassed when he caught one of his ski poles in the emergency wire and stopped the tow at Bousquet's.

Why does Jane Howard go to Amherst so much? Rumors have been heard that it's someone named Peter, and it isn't "Peter Rabbit."

"Mairzy Doots" is slowly driving the P.H.S. faculty insane, not to mention some of the (ahem!) STUDENTS. It's even worse than the "Hutsut Song" or "Rose O'Day". What is this world coming to?"

Some junior is mighty proud of her papa, who is a major in the A.M.G. One guess!

P. H. S. has a sport-loving faculty. Seen at our basketball games have been:—Mr. Strout, Miss Madden, Miss McNaughton, Mr. Geary, and Mr. McMahon.

Results on last week's bout: Eleanor Kelly vs. Mr. Geary. "Kel's" Irish temper helps her take the lead again. Better luck next time, Mr. Geary.

If you want to know anything about DRURY HIGH's boys, Marion Shannon or Pody Shipton will help you out.

Flash! Dick Smith is not going to come to school "when he is ready" anymore. It's 6.00 A. M. now! P. S. He was drafted!

BERKSHIRE WEATHER

By Betty Burgess

Sun day not, for Sunday's bleak

Thus we start a Berkshire week.

On Monday it hails; on Tuesday we've ice;

On Wednesday there's slush; on Thursday it's nice;

On Friday it rains; on Saturday, snows;

Such is the way our weather goes.

IN POETIC MOOD

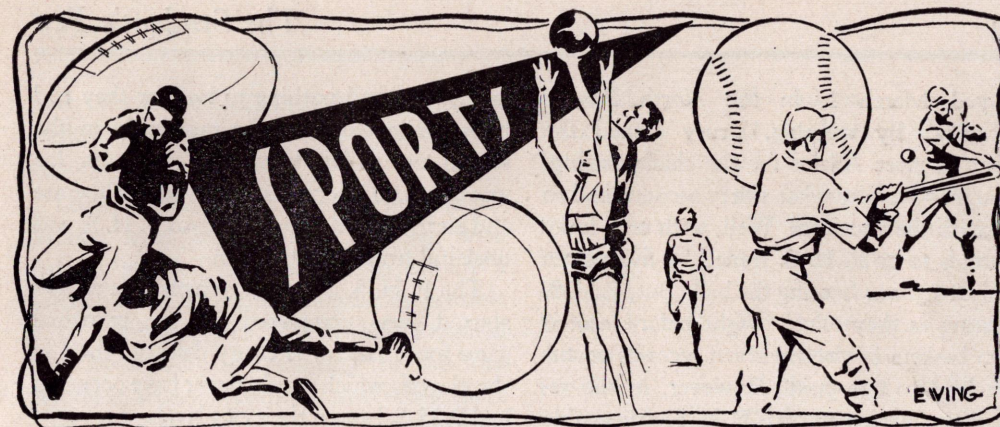
By Paul Feldman

"In like a lion,

Out like a lamb,"

As long as there's no vacation

Who gives a darn?



P. H. S. WINS CITY TITLE FOR EIGHTEENTH TIME

By Donald Morey

The proverbial farmer closed the barn door after his horse had been stolen. In a like manner, the Pittsfield High basketball team finished its season with an impressive 37-26 victory over its arch rival, St. Joseph's High, at the Armory, Friday, March 10, 1944, after it had already lost the Northern Berkshire League championship. If only P. H. S. had shown such form when it was in the race, it might have gone on to become county champion.

But, nevertheless, a victory over St. Joe is always sweet and never more so than this one, for it had been the previous St. Joe game which had just about evaporated into thin air any P. H. S. hopes for the pennant.

An underdog, after its dismal showing in recent games, P. H. S. entered the game free from the pressure that almost ruined it in the February stretch drive, and the team returned to mid-season form.

A closely contested first quarter ended 9-9, but P. H. S. moved ahead in the second period and stayed that way. At the intermission it enjoyed a five-point, 17-12 lead and remained on top of a 25-20 count at the outset of the last quarter. That final period did it! St. Joe completely fell apart in the face of a fast passing attack and a very close-checking pressure defense. Half way through that last period, St. Joe all but gave up, a thoroughly

beaten team. The margin might have gone to stratospheric heights had not the winners been far off good shooting form.

Emil Fontana, a disappointment in recent weeks, displayed rare talents as he completely subdued St. Joe's heavy scorer, Nino Di Pietro. Nino didn't score a point as Emil registered seven to add to his defensive laurels.

Captain Jimmy Garivaltis played his usual sparkling floor game, being credited with six assists, more than was made by the entire opposition. George Ditmar led P. H. S. in scoring with 11 points, and Cliff Hunt followed with eight. Cliff played the finest game of his career. Rod Brown returned to his earlier season form, playing an aggressive game, and contributing seven points.

However, Vince Filpi of St. Joe probably was the outstanding performer on the floor, scoring twelve points, and playing a fine floor game. But Vince was fighting for a lost cause as his teammates just couldn't match the court wizardry of the P. H. S. hoopmen.

In winning its eighteenth city series in the twenty-seven years of the heated rivalry, P. H. S. proved it could come back. P. H. S. fans should indeed be proud of their fine team.

DRURY WINS PLAYOFF GAME

By William Zalenski

By the scant margin of one point and thirty seconds, a P. H. S. team that should have won the championship without any playoff at all was defeated by Drury, 24-23 in a contest

played March 1, in the North Adams Armory. By winning, Drury earned the right to meet Adams for the championship. You may wonder what thirty seconds had to do with the situation. Well, with only forty seconds to go P. H. S. trailed by five points and Drury was freezing the ball. But, P. H. S. fighting as they never fought before, scored two baskets in twenty-seven seconds to cut the lead to one point. However, in the remaining thirteen seconds P. H. S. was unable to get the ball, a feat which they would have undoubtedly accomplished had there been another half-minute to play.

After taking a 4-0 lead, P. H. S. began to make minor infractions of the rules, and as a result, Drury took a 6-5 lead at the quarter. Both teams made two baskets in the second quarter, but Drury had a foul shot also, thus giving them a 11-9 halftime lead.

Early in the third quarter P. H. S., sparked by Capt. Garivaltis began to roll. With the score tied at 17-17, Garivaltis went out, and a short time later Drury led 22-17. In the last quarter, after Hunt and Bradbury matched hoops, P. H. S. began its drive, but it was too late.

Outstanding for P. H. S. was Jimmy Garivaltis, who scored six points and was the backbone of the P. H. S. attack. Cliff Hunt and Tony Melideo played well. Lesage led Drury with nine points.

Final Score: Drury 24—P. H. S. 23

ST. JOSEPH'S 32—P. H. S. 24

By Donald Morey

The twenty-seventh annual city series was tied as a result of the St. Joe victory over P. H. S. 32-24 on February 25, 1944, before one of the largest crowds ever assembled in the Armory.

The loss was a mighty blow to the hopes of Pittsfield because a victory would have clinched the Northern Berkshire League championship as well as the City Series. However, the tension was too great for them,

and St. Joe had nothing to lose for they had been eliminated from the race early in the season and so the inevitable came. St. Joe was calm and reserved and played a deliberate and steady brand of ball, whereas P. H. S. was unskilful from start to finish.

The P. H. S. downfall, which Adams had started, was completed by the parochial game for Pittsfield, as Drury defeated them in the playoffs which would never have occurred had P. H. S. beaten their city rivals.

The details of the game are gory and very sad for most of us, but will long be remembered by Coach Joe Ryan (Bless his heart!), the P. H. S. refugee who has risen to unpredictable heights as coach of the St. Joe quintet. Without mercy and with a vengeance, St. Joe opened impressively and held forth at the quarter 10-8. Then conditions took a decidedly bad turn as panic and disorganization hit the P. H. S. combine. The margin at half time had sky-rocketed to 20-12, in favor of St. Joe. Matters did not improve much in the second half for P. H. S. The damage had been done, and St. Joe coasted to triumph.

George Ditmar with 8 and Tony Melideo with 7 topped the point-makers for P. H. S., but St. Joe's Nino DiPietro with 13 took the honors for the evening.

How a really good team, such as the current P. H. S. team is, could fold up in such staggering leaps is almost inconceivable.

ADAMS 35—P. H. S. 16

By Donald Morey

The less that is said about this game, the better. I shall attempt to clear up the matter, and then let's forget it. The reference is to the 35-16 Adams conquest of our P. H. S. basketball team at Adams on February 11, 1944. It was one of the worst drubbings a P. H. S. quintet ever endured.

Adams dominated play from the start and continued to pile on the scoring as the game progressed. Although the score was tied 5-5 at the first quarter, Adams led 16-12 at half-

time, increased it to 27-14 at the three-quarter mark, and went on to an easy nineteen point victory.

Loose checking by Pittsfield, a notable difference from its previous meeting with Adams, enabled the winners to employ a flashy passing attack, unmolested by possible P. H. S. interceptions. Meanwhile, Pittsfield floundered badly in advancing the ball into favorable scoring positions, and when shots were taken, they were missed with monotonous regularity. Pittsfield's shots were one at a time with practically no follow-ups made by them. Their height was wasted under the baskets as Adams controlled the backboard rebounds all evening. This inability to take advantage of marked height has been an important factor in the failure of the team at various times all season.

A great degree of the P. H. S. success this season has depended on the fast break away type of offense. Adams did a fine job of bottling up such plays in making its victory complete. The two P. H. S. speed boys, Captain Jimmy Garivaltis and Emil Fontana, failed to capitalize on their speed, and Rod Brown, a pivot shot specialist, was very closely checked. Tony Melideo was high scorer for his team with six points.

The victory for Adams was very important as it enabled the team to gain first place. It was also its most impressive victory of the season. Captain Joe Anton scored fourteen points, and Clem Salisz, with a great exhibition of set shot artistry, scored ten.

After considering the game for some time now, I can safely say that it was all very confusing.

P. H. S. BASKETBALL

Following is a resume of the Pittsfield basketball scores for the past season:

Williamstown	25	Pittsfield	21
Pittsfield	49	Bennington	17
Pittsfield	28	Dalton	23
Drury	42	Pittsfield	29

Pittsfield	28	Adams	13
Pittsfield	22	St. Joseph's (P)	20
Pittsfield	24	Lee	19
Pittsfield	60	St. Joseph's (NA)	14
Pittsfield	41	Williamstown	31
Pittsfield	44	Bennington	24
Pittsfield	33	Drury	27
Pittsfield	33	Dalton	20
Adams	35	Pittsfield	16
Pittsfield	37	St. Joseph's (NA)	23
St. Joseph's (P)	32	Pittsfield	24
Drury	24	Pittsfield	23
Pittsfield	37	St. Joseph's (P)	26

Record: 12 won 5 lost

ALL NORTHERN BERKSHIRE LEAGUE TEAM

The Sports staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN has selected the following All Northern Berkshire League basketball team for the 1943-44 season just passed.

FIRST TEAM

L.F. Nino DiPietro, St. Joseph's (P) (130)
R.F. Donald LeSage, Drury (171)
C. Leo Hamlin, St. Joseph's (P) (106)
L.G. William Hart, Williamstown (132)
R.G. James Garivaltis, Pittsfield (85)

SECOND TEAM

F. W. Mason, Williamstown (90)
F. Fontana, Pittsfield (103)
C. Bradbury, Drury (91)
G. Anton, Adams (99)
G. Sprague, Drury (99)

THIRD TEAM

F. Salisz, Adams (69)
F. Charron, St. Joe (NA) (98)
C. Brown, Pittsfield (62)
G. Calautti, St. Joe (P) (69)
G. R. Mason, Williamstown (98)

The numbers in parentheses indicate the number of points each player scored in the league schedule.



THEY COULD STILL SMILE
(Taken after the defeat by St. Joe's on February 25)

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Joan Coughlin

BASKETBALL ROUND ROBIN

Things are progressing quite rapidly these days in the girls' gym. The Round Robin in basketball is in full swing and there is some very good ball playing. 28 games in all will be played before the winner is decided. Members of the winning team receive points towards their numerals. As an added treat some of the senior girls are trying their hand at refereeing. These ambitious girls are Shirlee Turner, Helen Beauchemin, Santina Zofrea, and Nina Homich. Eight teams are

competing this year, and the captains are as follows: Team 1, Mary Ellen Bryan; Team 2, Peggy Eulian; Team 3, Evelyn Zuorski; Team 4, Betsy Ann Grey; Team 5, Madelon Cullen; Team 6, Jean Castranova; Team 8 has the only junior captain, Doris Lay. All the other captains are seniors.

As soon as the Round Robin tournaments are finished, class teams will be chosen and then another tournament will start. Basketball still has a long stretch ahead before the next groups of sports begin.

BOWLING TOURNAMENT

March 24 has been set as the date for the semi-final bowling tournament, which is to be held at the Pastime Alleys. For this the girls having the ten highest weekly scores are chosen. The four highest teams (two boy teams and two girl teams) go to Springfield to compete in the finals. Last year the P. H. S. girls won the plaque, and they are hoping to do the same this year. Prizes for the winning team consist of defense stamps and money. Of the group that took the journey to Springfield last year there are only two left, Shirlee Turner, a senior, and Jane Kruczkowski, a junior. The girls will certainly miss Alvera Bianchi 1943, who in the previous years set a record for high scoring.

GYM CLASSES

In the gym classes the Juniors are just finishing up their first aid classes. Quite a riot was caused one day when right at the time the girls had splints on their arms and legs, the fire drill bell rang. The sophomore girls are well into their hygiene courses now, and they seem to be enjoying them.

GYM GOSSIP

What senior with eyes only for a tall, blond senior three letter man received a formal note from a few of her selected friends congratulating her on making two baskets?

On seeing the P. H. S. operetta everyone agrees that Rose Salzarulo has won admiration both on her dancing ability and basketball ability.

Believe it or not! A junior girl says a strain is the pulling of a muscle chiefly located in the mind, and the treatment is to strap it snugly with a leather support. This answer was really found on a First Aid test.

"POME"

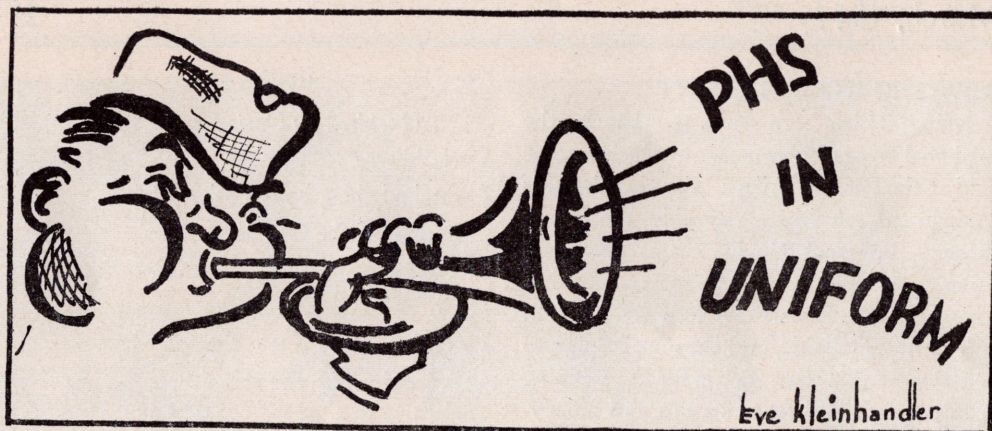
(Inspired by Oasis Club Dance)

Dere Editer,
I watched them boys t'other night
Daown at the O-a-sis
Say, they're shore a backward bunch
Oh me, oh my, good gracious!
I seen 'em, jist a settin there
A lookin roun the room
Seems like they're afeared ta dance
They treat it like twas doom.
I seen a coupla school heeroes
Big men, all might and brawn,
Ya know, I think they're skeered a girls
Cuz they was settin down.
The music, gee, it were deevine
I couldn't unnerstan it
Why should they wanna sit it out
When dancin's more romantic?
I thunk, "Oh well, the gals cain't dance."
And looked around, but no!
The gals was dancing by themselves
Ta sumpin sweet an low.
Naow it dew seem, s'ince the gals kin dance
An the music is so sweet,
That the boys are missin a wunnerful time.
Why don't they make with their feet?
Yers truly,
(Spirit of) Sadie Hawkins

SPRING COMES A DAY EARLY

(Written on March 20) by Paul Perry

"Spring is here," the papers say,
And surely they should know;
But how can we rejoice today,
With over a foot of snow?



By Mary Curtin, Betsy Ann Gray

In previous months, "P. H. S. in Uniform" has featured the boys from P. H. S. who have entered the service of our country. This month we are paying tribute to the girls. Almost one hundred girls, graduates and former students, are already wearing the uniforms of WAVES, WACS, SPARS, Marines, and the Army Nurse Corps, and new enlistees are recorded almost daily. On all fronts, our girl graduates are giving a devoted service, and one, Lieutenant Harriet E. Bridge, has given her life. Another gold star has been added to the service flag of Pittsfield High School.

MOHAVE DESERT CASUALTY

SECOND LIEUTENANT HARRIET E. BRIDGE, graduate of Pittsfield High School, Class of '32, and Bishop Memorial Training School for Nurses in 1936, died of pneumonia contracted while on duty at an evacuation hospital in the Mohave Desert, Ariz. She was employed at the Albany City Hospital, Albany, N. Y., at the time of her enlistment in the Aviation Nurses' Corps in 1942. On May 1, 1943, Lieutenant Bridge left for Camp Claiborne, La., where she served in the station hospital. In July, she was at Camp Barkley, in Texas, and in August, she was assigned to an evacuation hospital in the Mohave Desert. It was here that her death occurred in January, 1944.

ENSIGN BARBARA S. WASHBURN, U.S.N.R.
United States Naval Air Station
Willow Grove, Pennsylvania

A graduate of Western College, Oxford, Ohio, where she majored in Spanish, Barbara

made her home at Puerto Rico and taught English there at a high school. Later she did secretarial work at the Naval Air Station at San Juan and from there enlisted in the WAVES. Transportation back to the States by sea was hazardous on account of the U-boat menace, so Barbara became the first woman to be given the privilege to ride in a naval plane. At Smith College she completed a specialized training course and was commissioned ensign.

PVT. MILDRED BULLETT, A135101

Headquarters F.A.B.

WAC Detachment

Mitchell Field, Long Island, N. Y.

Milly, an "Air WAC", works in the personnel office and it is her job to check the boys in and out as they return from, or leave for over-seas duties. She has filed application for over-seas duty herself and is now waiting to be called.

ENSIGN B. CECILE BISSAILLON, N.C. U.S.N.

U. S. Naval Hospital.

Long Beach, California

"The Navy is good to its women." Thus would Ensign Bissailon answer our queries as to why she loves her work so much. "Bunny" enlisted in April, 1943 after graduating from the House of Mercy. Stationed not far from Hollywood, she has met Claudette Colbert, Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope, and she tells us that the Californians' cordiality and their respect for women in uniform

March, 1944

27

is wonderful. In another month she expects active overseas duty. Best of luck to you, Bunny.

P.F.C. AGNES E. BORKOWSKI, U.S.M.C. W.R.
c/o Station Quartermaster
Marine Corps Air Station
Cherry Point, N. C.

Agnes left for New River, N. C. in June 1943, where she took her basic training, and at Cherry Point, where she is now stationed, she attended Quartermaster School. Agnes writes that the Marine Corps is wonderful and that she doesn't know how she'll ever adjust herself to civilian life again.

2ND LT. DOROTHY M. RUSHBROOK, A.N.C.
721511

39th General Hospital

A.P.O. 715 c/o Postmaster

San Francisco, California

After graduating from P. H. S., Dorothy went into training at the House of Mercy. Later she specialized in Public Health nursing at Columbia University and for four years was connected with the Hartford Visiting Nurse Association. She enlisted July 8, 1942 and was sent to Fort Williams, Portland, Maine. Today she is serving over-seas in New Zealand. Dorothy claims that the hospitals there are the most beautiful that she has ever seen, and, like all girls in uniform, she is immensely fond of her work.

PH.M. 3/C RUTH GUTTORMSEN

WAVES Quarters, Nat. Naval Med. Ctr.

Bethesda, Md.

After her boot training at Cedar Falls, Iowa, Ruth, who enlisted in February, 1943, had specialized training at Bethesda and is now an assistant in the Dental Department at the Nat. Naval Med. Ctr. When the war is won, she plans to continue her work in this field.

ADDRESSES OF OTHER P. H. S. ALUMNAE OVERSEAS

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American Red Cross

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2ND LT. MARY E. CONNALLY, A.N.C.
N. 722369

47th Station Hospital

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PVT. MARGARET D. FRASER
A 115528

Hq. S.O.S. Executive Seat

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LT. AGNES M. GUINAN
N. 721625

(31st) 315 Station Hosp.

A.P.O. 502 c/o Postmaster

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2ND LT. NOLA HARRINGTON, N. 751967

304th Station Hosp.

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LT. CECILIA A. JUDGE, N. 721938

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CHRISTINA I. MOIR

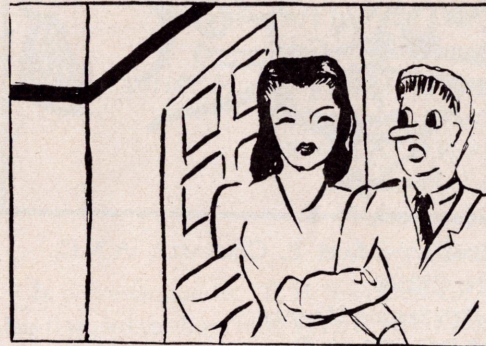
American Red Cross Hdq.

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The Adventures of Drooperman

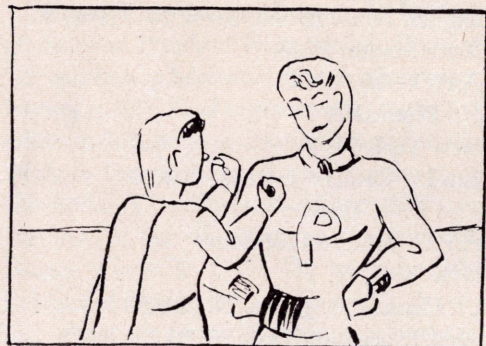
By Paul Feldman and Robert Boland



Marmaduke Tyler is walking down the corridor with beautiful, brunette Sally Smootch, (an appropriate appellation if ever I heard one.) Steam, caused by the water on his brain boiling, whistles "Rinso-white" as it escapes, and Marmie unconsciously puckers and unpuckers his lips.

"Well, tho long, thweet," he murmurs as they reach her classroom door, "Parting is thuch thweet thorow."

"Bye bye, Marmie."



Drooperman follows Roderick out of school and says to him fiercely, "Lithen, thonny, that girl 'th mine, tho keep away!"

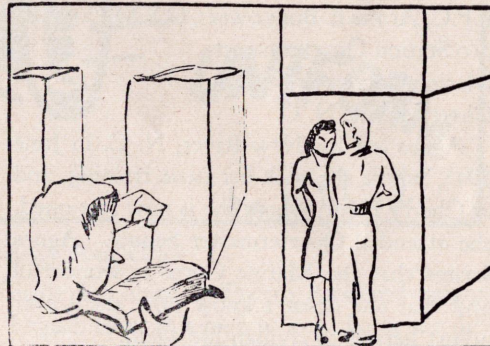
"Yeah?"

"Yeth."

They struggle, they slap, scratch, tickle, and tear.

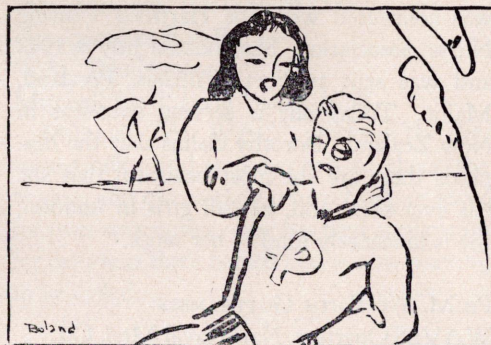
"Ugh!" says Roderick.

"Ditto!" says Drooperman.



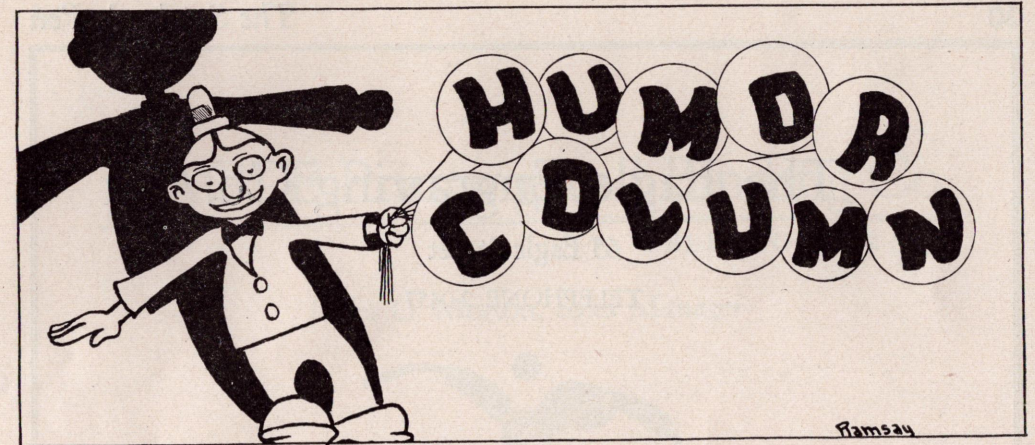
Tyler, fairly floating along the corridor, tramples several sophs who are unlucky enough to be in his path. As he rips the pages out of a dictionary, he mutters, "She loveth me, she loveth me not, she loveth me . . ." Glancing up, he spies Sally with the great Roderick Sepia, the blonde Sinatra only much more so in the torso.

"Thith ith a job for Dwooperman!"



Finally Drooperman lands one on the Sepian snoot, pickling him. Walking away, our hero glances back upon the scene of the fray in time to hear Sally, Rod's head on her lap, say, "Is oozums hurt-ums, Rodsy-wodsy?"

Drooperman mourns, "Dameth are like watermelons, they're pink and luscious (though at timeth theedy) but when one gets too involved with 'em one finds himthelf all wet!"



Mr. McMahon: "What makes up quartz?"
Edie: "Pints."

1st senior: "My girl Euphemia has a beautiful blue gown she wears only to teas."

2nd senior (who is, poor lad, slightly hard of hearing): "Tease whom?"

1st senior: "Me."

Chenfeld (raising his hand): "Mr. Herberg, what's the ans . . ."

Mr. Herberg: "Today it is my policy to answer no questions."

Chenfeld: "Aw please, Mr. Herberg, help me solve my problems."

Mr. Herberg: "Sir, I am no psychiatrist."

Policeman (to Miss Kaliher, whose car is stalled): "Use your noodle, lady, use your noodle!"

Miss Kaliher: "Which gadget is that? I thought I'd used them all."

Mary: "I've failed every subject this year but Latin."

Tom: "How come you didn't flunk that?"

Mary: "I didn't take it."

Junior Girl: "Do you kiss boys?"

Senior Girl: "That's my business!"

Junior Girl: "Oh, a professional, eh?"

A sophie boy, little August, being athletically inclined, had played hookey. In order not to raise his mother's blood pressure (he was a thoughtful little shaver, as if a sophomore shaves) he wrote his own excuse. To the amazement of Mr. Goodwin, it read:
Dear Mr. Goodwin,

Please excuse little August's absence from school, as he was sick of it.

Mrs. Angus Quagmire

Mr. Geary: "Adelbert, why are you late for class?"

Adelbert: "I couldn't help it, sir, I fell down two flights of stairs."

Mr. Geary: "That's no excuse! It shouldn't have taken you so long!"

Miss Prediger: "What have all the soldiers of the Revolutionary War in common?"

Junior: "They're all dead."

Silvia: "I wish to buy some alligator shoes."

Clerk: "And what size shoes does your alligator wear?"

Student's Pen Lauds Murray And Boland

Tribute Paid To Late Teacher And Marine Flier

The March issue of the Student's Pen, Pittsfield High School student's magazine, pays tribute to Henry J. Murray, for 19 years a member of the faculty, and also to Lieut. Paul H. Boland, USMAC, lost in flight somewhere in the Pacific. The tribute to Lieut. Boland was written by his brother, Robert M. Boland, who recently left school to become an aviation cadet.

The Pen, again a first prize winner in a nationwide scholastic contest sponsored by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, is under the advisorship of Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer. The leading article, entitled "Do It Yourself," was written by Paul Perry, editor in chief, and cites examples of "armchair strategists." An article by Paul Feldman praises the "hard working" staff of the advertising department for their faithful work, and Jean C. May acquaints the reader with Miss Margaret Kaliher, history teacher and junior class advisor.

A story by Leonard Gordon and William Troy tells of PHS's veteran war plane. A short story of Spain entitled "The Matador," is written by Allan Simon and another, "The Time Has Come," is by Gloria Goldsmith, short story editor. In the poetry section is a "Pome" which was inspired by an Oasis Club dance and was written by the "spirit of Sadie Howkins." "Blindness" is by David Coleman. Other poems are by Ann Wierum, Gertrude Glese, Betsy Ann Gray, David Coleman, Betty Burgess, Paul Feldman and Paul Perry.

"The Adventures of Drooperman," an original comic, is the creation of Paul Feldman and Robert M. Boland.

An account of the basketball round robin is given by Joan Coughlin and summaries of PHS basketball games were by Donald Morey and William Zalenski. In the Who's Who column are pictures of Lois Shipton, "Oasis head"; Paul Feldman, humorist; David Coleman, musician; Anthony Melideo, grid star; Renton Carsley, ski champion, and Rolland Jones, orator. Other pictures are of the hockey team and the cheer leaders.

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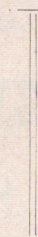
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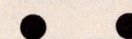


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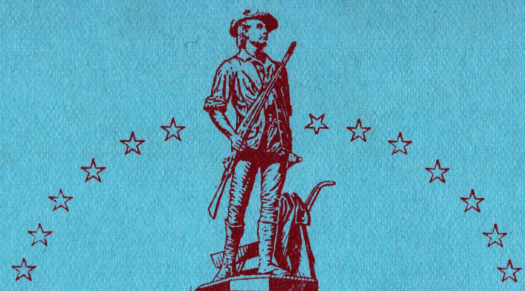
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